

The Chronicle History

He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly;
There is an Ensigne there,
I do not know how you call him,
But by *Ieshu* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,
He doth maintaine the Bridge most gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did see him do gallant seruice.

Gower. how do you call him?

Flew. his name is ancient *Pistoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me a fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merited some loue at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fare, and giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That God's blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse
stone.

Flew. By your patience Ancient *Pistoll*,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a muster before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fare is fixed at a sphericall stone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;
Surely the Poet is make an excellent description of For-
tune.

Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hangd must he be;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,

Let

of Henry the

Let man go free, and let not
But *Exeter* hath giuen the d
For packs of petty price:

Therefore go speake, the Du
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall t
With edge of penny cord, an
Speake Captaine for his life,

Flew. Captaine *Pistoll*, I par

Pist. Why then reioyce the

Flew. Certainly Ancient *Pi*

Tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne bro
To do his pleasure, and put h
For looke you, disciplines o
They ought to be kept.

Pist. Die and be damned,

Flew. That is good.

Pist. The figge of *Spaine* v

Flew. That is very well.

Pist. I say the fig within th

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, ca
thunder?

Gower. Why is this the An
I remember him now, he is a

Flew. By *Iesus* he is vtter as
As you shall desire to see in a
But tis all one, what he hath
Looke you, is all one.

Gower. Why this is a gull,
That goes to the wars onely
At his returne to London:
And such fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Comma
They will learne by rote wh
At such and such a sconce, at